RRR
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Education and the Jeffries Flap

by Murray N. Rothbard

Summer is always the silly season in New York, and also the classic time for racial confrontation; this year, both have been fused in the great hoo-ha over the provocative remarks, in late July, delivered by Professor Dr. Leonard Jeffries, head of the Department of Afro-American Studies at the once-distinguished City College of New York. Curiously, Professor Jeffries has been spouting gibberish for years about whites being inferior "Ice People" from lack of melanin or dark tone in their skin, which make blacks the superior "Sun People." No one has particularly complained about Jeffries' chronic dumping on whites, whites being fair game these days as the universally designated Oppressor or Victimizer group. But this July, Jeffries blew it by being more specific in his attacks: going after the subset of whites who are Jews, in particular for their alleged conspiracy in charge of Hollywood, in filming destructive images of black people. Jeffries also went after Italian-Americans, as being Mafia who were joined in this supposed conspiracy; no one complained, since it is OK to dump on Italians, who have unfortunately never been able to make it to the official Victim category. Jews, however, *are* an Official Victim group, and a powerful one at that, and so everyone and his brother descended upon Jeffries, demanding his ouster, either as chairman of the Afro-American Studies Department, or from the university itself.

Now just a minute. It's one thing to combat Professor Jeffries' views. It is quite another to call for his ouster from academia. Jeffries' numerous opponents—in government, the press, and a few in the faculty—charge him with being wrong in his facts or interpretation, and of course with "spreading hate." But, my God, if we start applying truth tests to academics, who would remain? And who would decide that truth? Dimwit legislators? Hysterics in the media? Every venal pressure group in the country? And "hate" is where you find it. Our society generally, and academia specifically, is already suffering from a sickening surfeit of enforced "love." More and more, academia and society are supposed to be one big "non-judgmental" therapy

(Cont. page 5 col. 2)

THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

America's Only Libertarian Gossip Columnist

The logo of the LP presidential convention in Chicago was Liberty Unchained. "They claim to be unchained," says George Resch of the Center for Libertarian Studies, "when they're only unzipped."

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One of the speakers at Liberty Unzipped was porn king Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine. But even Dirty Al is to the right of the LP and its platform. He said that child pornographers should be "locked up" (his only line to be greeted with dead silence). Imagine: a political party where Al Goldstein is a cultural conservative.

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(THE EAR cont. from P.1)

The prez nominee of the Libertarian Party, Andre "The Jobless" Marrou, lists as one of his credentials that for two years he lived alone in the Alaska wilderness. (The Ear is too sweet to mention the people who were looking for him.) It can't be easy to be a graduate MIT engineer, as Marrou is, and be unemployable. Only in the LP...

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Ex-LP chairman Dave Walter said he "kind of favors" changing the party's name from Libertarian to Liberty, because the latter is "non-threatening" and "all-American." Dave, let me be your Dutch aunt. The reason the word Libertarian is seen as threatening and non-all-American is you and your fellow LP activists. Changing the name won't change that; it will only taint the word liberty.

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Dave also refers to Howard Phillips' U.S. Taxpayers Party, which stands for liberty rather than unzippedness, as "neo-Nazi."

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Howard Stern, conservative "shock jock" and top-rated morning radio host in Los Angeles and New York, read the second R's Rodney King article over the air and praised it as "the only intelligent comment" he'd seen.

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Jacob Weisberg of *The New Republic* mentioned the *RRR* and Paul Gottfried's "Scrambling for Funds" in a *TNR* article on the paleo-neo split. Also referred to was the second R's CLS essay, "Realignment on the Right," and Lew's charge that Iran-Contra was a neocon operation.

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Charles Koch placed a *two-hour* phone call to Ed Crane, dissing him for "mistakes and failures" over the last ten years. In particular, Charles accused Ed of thinking Charles is stupid, and of ignoring him (*i.e.*, not making the long daily minutia call to Wichita that Charles enjoys).

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Laissez-Faire book maven Howie Rich and commodity broker Eric O'Keefe are circulating an intra-Kochtopus memo defending Charles's plans for IHS. Charles, as the Ear has reported, is furious at the grand old libertarian organization he chairs, in part because of its alleged "zero productivity." He wants to jettison scholarship and propagate "market-based management." That's why he kicked John Blundell upstairs, exactly as he had done to Leonard Liggio, and offered the job to corporate executive Bill Beech. Ex-Wichitaian Bill has yet to say yes because the salary offered—in typical Kochian fashion—was so low.

The *LP News* sells tee-shirts that read: "Libertarians DO IT Any Way They Please."

In their memo, Howie and Eric accuse IHS founder F.A. Harper of being "wrong about everything." The great Baldy Harper thought ideas were important. No, say Howie and Eric (and Charles), only businessmen count. In pursuit of this vision, IHS will fund budding entrepreneurs. Howie and Eric also denounce those who—like Baldy and the two Rs—believe that iron-clad principles should guide policy in economics and politics. This is "inflexible," "counter-productive," and "reactionary."

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Some time ago, the Ear reported Charles Koch's hostile takeover of an important private school from libertarian giant Bob Love, its founder. Charles's first act was to kick out the Christian headmaster and install a socialist anti-Christian. (Charles is anti-socialist, of course, but he puts first things first.) But the anti-Christian administrator turned out to be, how shall I put this, insufficient on the positive values side, and Charles canned him. Charles has been absorbed in the search for a new headmaster, which search is now over.

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A successful Chicago businessman joined the Illinois LP after the Ron Paul campaign, but when he attended the first meeting, there were "two transvestites engaged in a 'public display of affection.'" He never went back.

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The *LP News* sells tee-shirts that read: "Libertarians DO IT Any Way They Please."

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And speaking of "any way," one of the few real-world people at the LP convention was permanently disaffected when she saw a delegate "soul-kissing a dog"! Gag me, as some of my younger sisters in the Valley used to say, with a spoon.

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Russell Means, the Indian

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scamster with a criminal record who opposed Ron Paul for the 1988 LP nomination, endorsed Andre Marrou because—according to Andre's own handout—"For 15 years, Andre Marrou has tirelessly worked to take back our freedom."

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As a Republican in Congress, libertarian giant Ron Paul was known as Dr. No for his votes on government spending. To the LP convention organizers, however, he was Dr. Nobody. Ron Paul's dazzling achievements were snubbed. Shame!

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"When I'm here [at the LP convention], I know I'm in a sea of libertines and pagans. They make up the bulk of the party."—Professor Clifford Thies, former LP natcom member and delegate from Maryland.

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Dick Boddie made a mistake when he said that he was tired of being called a libertine because he wasn't one. "Myself, I don't mind being called a libertine," answered Marrou, to the cheers of the delegates.

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Dick Boddie got in deep doo-doo when he said "the faggots" should be kicked out of Washington. His frantic explanation that this was black slang for politicians did not mollify the delegates.

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The LP deleted its platform plank calling for the abolition of the unconstitutional CIA and FBI.

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According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "Norman Podhoretz complains, 'there's been a real declaration of war' on neoconservatives by 'a small gang of foreign-policy isolationists.'" Damn right, Poddy, and we believe there's no substitute for victory.

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Influential journalist Ralph Z. Hallow had an article in the *Washington Times* (Aug. 30) on the Chicago LP convention and on the conflicts over the party. ("Libertarians hold pre-'92 skirmish"). He quotes both R's in their familiar slam-bang attacks on the party, and then the feeble attempts at reply. Dick Boddie, replying to the second Rs charges about the LP and pedophilia and kiddie porn, answers that "the free market could resolve" the kiddie porn problem by "people having values such that they would not buy the product." Huh? Dick sweetie, this is no answer. The questions is: is using kids for pornography OK with Libertarians, or is there some problem with their "voluntary consent"? Most LP kid theorists, and their platform, think kids are fully rational and make "voluntary choices" from the age of one hour.

The other big defender of the Libs is, lo and behold, Eddie "Sexual Diversity" Crane of Cato. In the first place, Eddie claims to have left the LP after the 1980

UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM WATCH

Democrats: The Winter Line

Well, are we going to have a one-party race, like under Hitler and Stalin?

PLAYERS		*RRR* Wisdom
ex-Gov. Jerry Brown	⬇	President Moonbeam? Get real.
Gov. Bill Clinton	⬇	Long-winded, boring moderate, tells media that drugs, extra-marital affairs "none of their business." No way.
Gov. Doug Wilder	⬇	Black fiscal conservative, but Robb mess sticks.
ex-Sen. Paul Tsongas	⬇	Nowhere, no way.
Gov. Mario Cuomo	?	Mario, Mario, wherefore art thou, Mario?
Sen. Bob Kerrey	⬇	Another President Moonbeam.
Sen. Tom Harkin	⬇	Old-fashioned, Neanderthal leftist out of the 1930s. No way.

Suggestions: bring some proven vote-getters out of the bullpen and onto the comeback trail: e.g., Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, John C. Calhoun, Grover Cleveland. You got a better idea?

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elections, because of election law rigging against third parties. He lies, or conveniently "forgets," that he left much later—after the 1983 convention when his candidate, Cato board member Earl Ravenal, was beaten by Dave Bergland for the Presidential nomination. He and his Crane Machine left in fury.

But now that our own Second R is in the picture, Eddie has had a sudden change of heart at least to say that he "still admires" people in the LP. Instead he counter-attacks Lew's blast against the LP: "Lew Rockwell dresses like a homeless person. Who is he to say the libertarian movement doesn't represent middle-class values?"

This argument shows SD Eddie at the height of what might charitably be called his "reasoning powers." What difference to Lew's argument does it make how Lew himself dresses? He could be a nude hermit in a cave, and his attack on the LP would be just as valid.

And besides, the whole thing is a smear. I've taken a poll of all my girl friends, and we are all willing to state for the record that Lew does *not* dress like a bagman. Also, Lew has a Certificate of Clothing Merit from George Resch, who makes Eddie Crane look like the derelict he is in his heart.

And Eddie, Eddie, you've got to be Politically Correct to the end, don't you? Can't you say "bum," instead of "homeless person," or even say "homeless man"?

* * * * *

One of my very favorite trial lawyers is Mark Lane, one, because he's radical and gutsy, and two, because he seems to win all his cases. During the early 1980s, ex-CIA agent Victor Marchetti wrote an article in the right-wing populist newspaper *Spotlight*, placing CIA biggie E. Howard Hunt, Jr. (Bill Buckley's control in the CIA in Mexico City for a couple of years before the founding of *National Review*, and later a convicted Watergate felon) in Dallas on the day of the Kennedy Assassination. Marchetti also wrote of a CIA memo which hinted that Hunt had played a substantial role in that assassination. Hunt promptly sued *Spotlight* for $1 millon for libel; in the midst of the case in 1985, Mark Lane—the original Kennedy Assassination Revisionist, and author of the best-seller *Rush to Judgment*—stepped in as *Spotlight*'s counsel. Lane, a brilliant cross-examiner, was able to question at length "all those hostile witnesses from the intelligence community I've been dying to get on the stand for years," including such present or past CIA men as Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy, and former CIA head Admiral Stansfield Turner. In particular, Lane came up with a witness—a Cuban woman who also apparently worked for the CIA—who claimed to attend a meeting with Hunt and a group involved in the Kennedy assassination only a few days before the hit on November 22, 1963. The woman also swore at the trial that she "saw Hunt dispense money" to this group of people "for operational expenses."

Having heard all parties, the jury in 1985 not only cleared *Spotlight*, but also ordered E. Howard Hunt to pay $25,000 in court costs to Liberty Lobby, the publisher of *Spotlight*. Apparently, Hunt has been hiding out in Mexico ever since, and, after lengthy maneuvering, Lane has been able to force Hunt to pay up $500 a month through his Baltimore lawyers.

The punchline to all this: this winter Mark Lane will be coming out with a book, *Plausible Denial*, on the Kennedy Assassination (his first since *Rush to Judgment* in 1966) which he claims will "definitely prove" that Kennedy was killed by the CIA. The book, which arose out of his successful defense in the 1985 trial, will be published by Thunder's Mouth Press. Hey, I can't wait!

* * * * *

Bill Bradford of *Liberty* has a very interesting habit of taping all his phone conversations without the other party's consent. Once, when a friend of mine challenged Bill on this, he grumbled that this practice is legal under Washington State law. Well, I'm no lawyer, but I'd like to know, is this practice *ethical*?

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A Kochtopus lecturer with a notoriously runny nose phoned a scholar he had not talked to in ten years, and made the following offer: cancel your negative review of my new book, and you can lecture in our summer programs, which will pay you more than the Mises University. "Of course, you will have to break with Murray [Rothbard] and the Mises Institute." The answer, of course, was no.

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Have R&R gone soft in the head? (See pp.10 & 24). Come on, guys, Boddie is a *Modal*! He flunked the bar exam umpteen times, he's as jobless as Marrou, and he's a deadbeat (like the rest of the Modals). The Bod borrowed $6,000 from two close friends, to be repaid at the convention. When he lost, he snuck out of town to avoid his creditors. As to his relative who

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kept calling it the "Liberation Party," let's sing a chorus of "When a Boddie Meets a Boddie, Drinking Up the Rye."

Do R&R still want to believe there's some good in the LP? Guys, let me be your Dutch aunt. With your little group gone, the party is reverting to type. If anyone gets significant support at an LP convention now, he has to be a derelict.

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Unlike Murray, Lew, and Burt, *I* had the good sense never to join the LP. One look at the Florida state convention was all I needed. What a bunch of losers!

* * * * *

In her speech to the LP convention, Mary Ruwart, who defines libertarianism as "Universal Love" (except for the Satanic few at the *RRR*), called death "the Ultimate Libertarian Experience."

It seems that Mary's mom, who died last year, had one of those "near-death" experiences 15 years ago, during which she was supposedly offered the choice of staying in Deadsville, or returning to the land of the living. She chose to live, and from this, Mary has deduced that we are all given a choice about living or dying, and only those who say yes, die. As Dave Barry would put it, I AM NOT MAKING THIS UP.

* * * * *

Kochtopus lecturers Larry White and George Smith were assigned last summer to "dig up the dirt" on a rival program from students who attended. In one example, they asked two girls and a boy about a professor: "Isn't Hans Hoppe an [obscenity]?" Their faces fell when the kids defended Hans.●

(Education..cont. from P.1)

group, with everyone tiptoeing around making sure that no one's "feelings" might be hurt, except of course the feelings of the Politically Incorrect, those who don't go along with the notion of society as Therapy Group. If we ban "hate," the next logical step will be to prohibit the holding of views which might "lead to hate," and so on down the totalitarian drain.

No, freedom of speech and inquiry are essential to human beings, and are vital to that healthy community of truth-seekers which academia is supposed to be. Academic freedom precisely means that this community values a professoriate with the courage to speak their views, and to promote their visions of the truth despite the enmity they might rouse in legislative, journalistic, or pressure-group yahoos.

Better to put up with theorists of "Sun" and "Ice" people than the dreary P.C. bog.

Left-liberals like to yawp about "McCarthyism," although McCarthy himself had little to do with writers or with academia. But let us consider the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of American academics who are, in this day and age, still Marxists of one brand or another—even though I, along with most academics and most everyone else, believe that Marxism is false and has been clearly refuted. Should all Marxist academics therefore be purged? And who else? How many other preachers of error must be purged? Much as it might fuel our fantasies to contemplate such a massive purge process, I must register a caveat at contemplating who would be likely to take their place. Who would likely be chosen by democratically-elected ward heelers? Do we really want our professors selected by Gallup Poll? We would have jumped from the frying pan into the fire: from groups of professors that are at least diverse, if often looney, to the deadening and crushingly boring Political Correctness of the new academic uniformity, whose ideological views would range all the way from right wing Social Democrat Senator Pat Moynihan to his fellow Senator and good buddy, left-conservative Republican Al D'Amato. Better to put up with theorists of "Sun" and "Ice" people than the dreary P.C. bog that serves as the goal of all the current centrist hysteria. At least there's still some fun left.

Senator D'Amato was, predictably, one of the first to get on the oust-Jeffries bandwagon. "Jeffries is not a professor—he is a racial propagandist," intoned D'Amato, as if being a "professor" means that you are supposed to be a neuter, devoid of ideological or political views. Senator D'Amato went on to spell out his curious view of what academia is all about; "A failure to act vigor-

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ously to remove this dangerous individual . . . from his professorship would be a blow to the historical tolerance of the diversity of City College students and a tacit endorsement of Jeffries' teachings." Wow! Let's see how this works: kicking out a professor for expressing views we don't like is advancing "tolerance of diversity"! And the idea that a university "tacitly endorses" all of its faculty's teachings is looney indeed—as well as inducing a nervous breakdown in trying to hammer out some consistent "university" view. And that, too implies that each university must purge all faculty that doesn't approve whatever that university line happens to be at that moment. It was inevitable in this brouhaha that someone would trot out that hoary chestnut always used to justify a crackdown on free speech: "You're not allowed to yell 'Fire' in a crowded theater, and that's what Jeffries is doing—stimulating racial hatred," opined Democratic Assemblyman John Murtaugh of Manhattan. How long are we going to be plagued with this phony analogy? The only ones harmed by *falsely* shouting "fire!" in a crowded theater (*correctly* shouting fire is of course not only OK but helpful) are the theater owner and his patrons; the shouter of fire is violating his contract with the theater owner by disturbing the quiet enjoyment of the play by the patrons. Note that this shouting of fire is a *direct* act of contract-breaking, a direct tort or "crime"; there is no need to rely on vague chains of alleged future causation. Fire-shouting is in no way relevant to any free-speech case, much less to Professor Jeffries, and it is high time that this nonsense gets shelved for good and all.

Ronnie, Ronnie, some of us, many of us indeed, think of *your* views as "half-baked"!

The most egregious reaction to the Jeffries affair was by a fellow CUNY faculty member, the historian Ronald Radosh. My old friend Radosh, who unfortunately has moved from his original New Left anti-war stance to that of a right-wing Social Democrat Second Thoughtser, wrote a letter to the *New York Post* (August 12), which first reported the Jeffries speech, demanding that CUNY "move quickly to dismiss this particular charlatan." Radosh accuses Professor Jeffries of "hiding under the rubric of academic freedom." "Tenure," he charges, "was not meant to allow any professor to pass off his half-baked views as fact." Oh? And what exactly *was* tenure meant for, Ron? Ronnie, some of us, many of us indeed, think of *your* views as "half-baked"! And which forum are you willing to have decide on the baked quality of your doctrines? Many of our old mutual friends, Ronnie (*not* including myself), even accuse you of being a "charlatan." And who is to decide and vote on your views? The worthies of the *New York Post*? The New York State Assembly, in its wisdom?

So which faculty should be purged, Ronnie, for its half-bakedness? Your late mentor William Appleman Williams, if he were still alive? Your current mentor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr? And should *you* have been purged as "half-baked" from your Queensborough Community College-CUNY post in the days when you were a New Left First Thoughtser?

The CUNY administration, as might be expected, waffled. Their line was expressed by CUNY Chancellor W. Ann Reynolds, who said that while she "deplores bigotry in any form," "there's an issue here of academic freedom and freedom of speech." Noble sentiments, but whatever the outcome, CUNY and New York City academia has become even more politicized than it was before.

No: academic freedom, Ronnie, must be for everyone, for everyone, that is, that has met the standards enabling him to become a tenured professor. The problem, then, must be put back a notch: how did Professor Dr. Jeffries achieve his eminent status and become a high-ranking colleague of Ron Radosh? If Ronnie wants to think deeply about the Jeffries Question and the City University, he might try pondering that one. If he should do so, he will find that the problem is not Jeffries, but the process that put him there, the process organized by

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Ronnie's peers in the faculty and the university administration. And, contrary to many neo-cons, the problem is not with the existence of such new-fangled subjects as Black Studies or Women's Studies. There is nothing wrong in principle with studying any discipline about our world. The problem is that, in practice, these new departments became fast-tracks for trendy nitwits.

There is also a deeper problem at work. Many of the critics of Jeffries pointed out that his speech was paid for by special councils of black studies operated by the New York State government, and therefore paid for by the hapless taxpayers of the state. Very true, but in raising the taxpayer issue the anti-Jeffries critics are taking on more than they've bargained for. For, of course, not just this particular lecture, but the entire New York university system is financed, in all of its glory, by the taxpayers of the state.

(And partially by all Americans, as Senator D'Amato pointed out when he threatened to remove all federal funds from the City University unless Jeffries is removed.) It is absurd to think that taxpayers are competent in hiring or firing professors; but taxpayers *are* entitled to balk at so much of their money being extracted to pay for this circus. But this is an issue that centrist liberals and neo-cons—the major critics of Dr. Jeffries—are not going to raise. For, if anything, they favor extracting even more educational dollars from the taxpayers than do the partisans of Dr. Jeffries. ●

Wichita Justice? On Denationalizing the Courts

by M.N.R.

One baleful feature of American political debate is its trivialization by the mass-dominated and left-liberal media. The media, and the American public, seem to be incapable of keeping more than one issue or more than one aspect of any issue in their noodle. And so the only issue that anyone talks about in the Wichita Operation Rescue case is abortion, whether one is pro or con abortion rights. And since the media are almost totally pro-choice, we then have the inevitable personalization of the issue: in this case, the grandstanding white-haired Judge Patrick Kelly, a supposedly heroic Irish-Cherokee Catholic, willing and eager to rise above his religion to obey the 1973 (*Roe v. Wade*) Supreme Court version of the Constitution. The media, anxious to clear Operation Rescue of any "higher law" connection with their beloved civil rights disobedients of the 1960s, claim that the civil righters were violating the law in behalf of "constitutional rights" whereas the Operation Rescuers are defying such rights. Well, it all depends which, or whose, Supreme Court you're talking about. In the days of the Founding Fathers, no one believed that the Supreme Court, much less the Court on any given day, always spoke the last word on the Constitution. Every public official, indeed, almost every person, had his own view of constitutionality, and was willing to battle for it. No one proposed to leave such vital matters up to nine oligarchic hacks in Washington.

The Department of Justice has raised a vitally important issue, one overlooked by all sides.

Humphrey Democrat Judge Kelly, leftist Harvard constitutional lawyer Lawrence Tribe, and many others profess their outrage at the Department of Justice's weighing in against Kelly's injunction against Operation Rescue, and his calling out the federal marshals to enforce that order. They accuse the D.J. of being "legalistic." Perhaps. But in their legalism the Department of Justice has raised a vitally important issue, one overlooked by all sides eager to slug it out on the abortion fray. This may indeed be a "legalistic" issue, but it is no less a vital one, especially since the *legal* question of when any particular organization or institution may use violence is the very heart of libertarian political theory.

To put it bluntly, I am firmly pro-choice, and here I agree with most libertarians. But, and I particularly direct this question to fellow pro-choicers: *which institution* is entitled to protect abortion

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rights? To put it another way: most libertarians, including myself, are strongly opposed to foreign intervention and to world government. But in that case, would you favor the United States, or what is very similar, the United Nations dominated by the United States, sending troops into Communist China to prevent them from engaging in compulsory abortions? The point is that just because an institution proposes to do something that libertarians agree with, must not automatically mean that we should favor such power. For we are strongly opposed to foreign intervention or world government to impose human rights, even libertarian rights, on some foreign country. We believe that each nation should work out its own destiny.

But in that case, where is it written that the swollen United States imperium must inexorably be treated as one unitary country, with one army, one set of courts and police, etc.? On the contrary, one of the great imperatives of our time is the decentralization of the swollen Great Powers, and in particular the decentralization, and denationalization, of the U.S. imperium. As libertarians, and as paleos, we must strive to roll back the monstrous centralization that has increasingly afflicted us since the Civil War. And that means to denationalize the court system. We must return to the radical Jeffersonian view of the U.S. government and hence of the federal courts. That is, to watch with deep suspicion any attempt to aggrandize its power and reduce the rights and powers of the states. And yet that aggrandizement has been one of the main features of this century.

In contrast to, say, France or the United Kingdom, we possess, in the heritage of the U.S. Constitution, a powerful instrument to take up the cudgels for the grand old cause of denationalization and the devolution of the federal government into the states and localities. Libertarians have always, and correctly, been strong on the great libertarian Ninth Amendment to the Constitution. But it is time to realize that we must also take up the old paleo-conservative cause of the Tenth Amendment, the decentralization aspect of the Bill of Rights.

Let us take specifically the Wichita case. It is clear in our Constitutional heritage that the "police power" in this country belongs only to the state and local governments, and in no sense to the federal government. There is and should be no federal police in the United States, although we unfortunately have the FBI as an approach to such a power. Therefore, the power to defend, say, the Wichita abortion clinic belongs solely to the state of Kansas. The federal courts should not have a darn thing to say about it. If I were a Kansan, I would be calling upon the Wichita authorities or the Kansas state police to devote more resources to defending the Wichita abortion clinic. But I am not a Kansan, and Judge Patrick Kelly, in his capacity not as a Kansan but as a federal judge, has no proper jurisdiction in this case. All the rest of us, non-Kansans and feds, should butt out. Decentralization and denationalization must mean that we come to look upon any use of force by Washington, D.C., or by federal marshals against Kansas as just as illegitimate as the use of force by Washington against Romania or Kuwait. The slogan here should be "U.S. Out of Kansas," or "Kansas for the Kansans"; let the Kansans settle their own affairs.

But what of the beloved precedents? What of President Eisenhower sending federal troops to Little Rock? The answer is that he shouldn't have done it. Schools, like police, are purely a state jurisdiction, and are no proper concern of the federal government, in that case, of non-Arkansans. And what of the old federal "anti-Ku Klux Klan law" of the 1870s which Judge Kelly invoked to send in federal marshals? In the first place, this was a Reconstruction Era law which itself was a period when the Constitution was systematically violated and states' rights trampled on. It is an obsolete law that should be repealed rather than invoked. And secondly, the law was ostensibly designed to move against the KKK "crossing state lines" to harass blacks—a flimsy excuse to bring in federal jurisdiction.

No; libertarians should no longer be complacent about centralization and national jurisdiction—the equivalent of foreign intervention or of reaching for global dictatorship. Kansans henceforth should take their chances in Kansas; Nevadans in Nevada, etc. And if women find that abortion clinics are not defended in Kansas, they can travel to New York or Nevada or many other states where abortion rights are more in tune with local

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sentiment. But then, of course, there is the inevitable retort—the exact same retort that is made to pro-choicers such as myself who are also strongly opposed to government funding of abortions: what are poor women who want abortions going to do? But this argument from the poor has nothing to do with abortion; it is a way for leftists and egalitarians to sneak in a plea for total socialization of all consumption. After all, how can poor men or women afford *anything*, whether it be food, clothing or TV sets? The left-liberal plea for free abortion on demand is tantamount to a plea for the free supply of *everything* on demand—all to be supplied by the hapless and exploited taxpayer. ●

Who Dissed Whom? Or, Do Africans Hate Blacks?

by M.N. R.

One of the most amusing, because idiotic, examples of Political Correctness in action occurred at the once-distinguished University of Wisconsin. It seems that last year, the university imported a distinguished Nigerian professor, Umara Ahmed, with twenty years of teaching experience, to teach the assembled Wisconsonians his own language, Hausa. (The course was numbered Hausa 303, though it is not clear if there are any other numbered Hausa courses there.) It should be, but unfortunately is not, irrelevant to add that Professor Ahmed is a black African. Professor Ahmed's class consisted of 31 whites and 17 blacks. He was obviously a tough grader: more than half the students received "failing or near-failing" grades.

Knowing students—or at least American students—it should already be clear that a lot of resentment was stirred among the assembled young scholars about their grades. But this time there was a new, typically modern, twist: the black students got themselves a lawyer, one Lee Cullen, who charged that Professor Ahmed had systematically engaged in—yes, you have it—anti-black discrimination! The students complained that Ahmed's anti-black discrimination took the form of expecting them to do better at the Hausa language than the whites. None of the complaining students could give any specific instances of this "pattern of different and adverse treatment," but they were very sure that the "discriminatory pattern" was there, "expressed repeatedly . . . in words and gestures." Well, hell, blacks now call themselves "African-Americans" and claim that they have a "black soul," a "black thing" that whites can't possibly understand; maybe Professor Ahmed expected some of that black soul to be translated into ability to learn Hausa. If so, he was clearly disappointed.

Maybe Professor Ahmed expected some of that black soul to be translated into ability to learn Hausa.

The University of Wisconsin, as might be expected, reacted in what is now a typically whiny way to the student-aggressors. The spokeswoman for the black students, Renee Payne, charged that the university gave the students a runaround throughout the dispute, and, moreover, showed the students a "total lack of respect." Dean of Students Roger Howard countered that "the university tried to accommodate the students as much as possible." And how. In the meantime, Professor Ahmed, who has returned to Nigeria after completing his term, is understandably "very bitter"; Ahmed charged that the black students acted toward him in a "disrespectful" manner. Somehow, the charge rings true. Maybe we need a massive federal investigation to figure out who, if anyone, was "dissing" whom?

What the black students really wanted, of course, when the smoke had cleared, was to raise their grades. The ultimate decision in the case was made, *not* by Professor Ahmed or even by the University of Wisconsin, but by that university's ultimate ruler: the Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Education [OCR], which seems to have nationalized the country's educational system. In a latter-day version of a Solomonic decision, the OCR decided, yes, indeed, Professor Ahmed had "violated the civil rights" of his black students by holding them to higher academic standards than whites" but No,

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the black students' grades would not be raised. What? You mean that the federal government is not assigning everyone's grades these days?

To the black students and their lawyer, Mr. Cullen, the victory at the OCR was gratifying but essentially empty. Where were the higher grades—the point of the whole exercise? Ms. Payne, for example, while hailing the OCR decision in the elaborate jargon often regarded these days as "good English" ("I feel the decision made by the investigators that he discriminated against us in the classroom brought substance to our allegations,") added that "we are not happy about their decision on the grades. . . we will be appealing them." Mr. Cullen, concluding that "treatment obviously has reflection on grades," has already appealed to the university's Chancellor by the by denouncing the university: "If they were really concerned about minorities, they would have at least tried to show some effort to resolve this dispute."

But don't worry: despite Mr. Cullen's charge, the University of Wisconsin has been all too active in the dispute; the university reached an agreement with the all-powerful OCR that from now on, all visiting professors from abroad would "be trained in Federal civil rights law," and that the University of Wisconsin must show "proof of such training" to the Office of Civil Rights. "Sensitivity training" for black Africans to brainwash them in civil rights law? Sounds promising. One hopes that if foreign professors have any spunk left at all, they will tell the University of Wisconsin where to put its "training."

Does anyone at all remember that way back in the 1950s and 60s, when liberals were calling for federal aid to education, and conservatives opposed it (!), the liberals assured the skeptical conservatives that never, NEVER would federal aid to education imply federal control? It would be nice if *someone* remembered, now that the august Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Education is the dictator over America's educational system. ●

Requiem For Dick Boddie

by M.N.R.

This was the first LP convention I've missed since 1974, and the first LP presidential convention I've ever missed. How do I feel about it? Wonderful, magnificent, cleansed. Watching these jerks on C-Span, and listening to reports from friends, was enough to slake my interest in the goings-on. And not being among these people, or communing with them, was the most wonderful fact of all.

I had several friends who were at Chicago who were either experiencing their first LP convention, or who hadn't been to one in a long time. They began with a neutral, equal-opportunity hatred of all camps. They ended emotionally bound up with the Boddie campaign, and mourning his loss.

I can understand this reaction. We have detailed Dick Boddie's shortcomings in this publication, but he is, after all, a human being—a big plus in the Party—a guy with a lovely family, who loyally attended this convention. He is a genuinely nice person, a guy with *mirabile dictu* among Libertarians, a good sense of humor, a guy trying to get along in a tough world—a world especially tough on libertarians who are black.

And so how was Dick Boddie treated, he and his family, a few blacks in a sea of white faces? He was, to put it bluntly, f—d over. He was a nice guy among sharks, and he paid the price. It started with a venomous attack by hatchetman Jim Peron, falsely accusing Dick of trading on his race. Dick didn't realize that he was playing in a rigged game. Beaten by Marrou for president, he ran afoul of El Jefe's wrath when he decided to run for vice-president. He defied the virtually direct orders of Marrou not to run. After he was leading on the first ballot for veep, the Convention, locked into a cheapo contract which forced it to vacate the room before 5 o'clock, adjourned till Sunday morning. At that point, Dick Boddie made his big mistake: he went to bed early, at 9 or 10 o'clock. You don't do this with Libertarians, Dick (and I say this as an ultra-night person); you can't expect Libertarians to behave like real or even decent people, or expect them to respect your privacy or your life as a day person. And so they dragged Dick out of bed at midnight and told him he had to attend an impromptu vice-presidential candidate's debate. Dick went downstairs, but he was grumpy, told the crowd he was sleepy, and left. Dick, you don't do that with your beloved comrades of

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the Libertarian Party. Your life, in their eyes, is theirs and it is your obligation to be ever at their disposal.

And so Sunday morning, Dick Boddie lost the veep nomination on the third ballot. As soon as he lost, Dick went over to the piano, and started to play the blues.

Dick, no one in that rotten party understood your playing the blues or would care about it if they had known. They wouldn't recognize the blues anyway. Dick, don't run for the senate from California as you mentioned. These people are flakes and sharks; they don't deserve any part of you. Leave the party, Dick: it's a standing shame and disgrace to the name of libertarianism. And do you really think it is a coincidence that you and your family are the only blacks in the Libertarian Party? •

Love and Unity at Chicago

by Joe Melton

I'll give you just one guess: which is the only political party in American history to roundly boo its own presidential candidate only one hour after joyfully giving him its nomination—and to do so, not once but twice? Need you ask? It's the Looneytarian Party. Who else?

The first time was 1975, in New York City, the LP's first real presidential convention. After Roger Lea MacBride, clearly the best candidate, was nominated, albeit by a small margin, on the first ballot, poor Roger, thinking he was dealing with real people and a real party, announced that he was selecting California attorney Manual Klausner as his running mate. A chorus of boos promptly arose from the massed ranks of the party faithful, and from that moment on Mannie Klausner was unelectable, finally losing the nomination. Murray Rothbard had been selected to make Klausner's nominating speech, and was stunned at the hatred welling up against Roger: "Dictator!" "Conservative!" "Both MacBride and Klausner wear suits and ties!" It was at that point, Rothbard recalls, when he realized what a bunch of crazies the LPers are, and he registers his regret for being a slow learner and remaining in the LP for another umpteen years.

For old hands, it was, in Yogi Berra's immortal words, *deja vu* all over again. Here, at Chicago in 1991, is Andre Marrou, elected by a wide margin on the first ballot over hapless Dick Boddie. Given five minutes to register if he wished, a preference for veep, he made the first big blunder of his infant campaign. Instead of following the shrewd path of previous nominees, and throwing the veep nomination open to the fractious delegates, Marrou arrogantly laid down the law: the nominee had to be Dr. Mary Ruwart, because he wanted a professional woman to run on his ticket, and Mary fit the bill. Marrou said the same thing a couple of nights before, at the Candidates Debate, but he didn't seem to realize that conditions had changed sharply. It was as if today some conservative got up in the U.S. Senate and fulminated about the imminent threat posed by the International Communist Conspiracy. You see, things had changed by Saturday afternoon: for one thing, another professional woman, Dr. Nancy Lord, had plunged into the veep race. And for another, there was Dick Boddie, the loser for president, who now decided to run for vice-president. Unexpected, perhaps, but after all, it's a successful politician's function to adapt quickly to changing conditions, to be ahead of, and not behind the curve. But by repeating his old shibboleths, and totally ignoring the new races of Lord and Boddie, Marrou angered the very masses who had just given him the nomination.

Need you ask? It's the Looney-tarian Party. Who else?

Adding to the problem was Andre's tone. If not a genial backslapper, a politician should at least show that he is sincerely trying to achieve that exalted status. But not Andre; many observers at Chicago remarked that there is always a nasty, sharklike attitude about Andre; and, as one shrewd observer pointed out, when Andre smiles, only the lower part of his face is affected; his eyes are still set in a cold and grumpy frown. Andre's nasty barking of orders to vote for Mary Ruwart sat badly with the Party faithful, and hence the chorus of boos. Any rational party delegates would automatically grant the president's selec-

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tion and go home; but not the Looneytarians, although I must admit they had a lot more cause for revolt than they had against MacBride sixteen years so.

From that point on, as with Klausner in 1975, Mary Ruwart was unelectable. How much The Scandal hurt her chances is difficult to know, since Libertarians are not like thee and me. The Scandal was the open secret that Andre had left his wife and was engaged in a Close Friendship with Mary Ruwart. Given their lifestyle and values, most LPers didn't care, but the rumor of the Scandal—launched shortly before the convention on "electronic bulletin board" by doughty ex-LP bigwig Alan Lindsay—drove Marrou to announce publicly his "engagement" to New York LP leader Norma Segal. But, in a talk to the delegates, Mary scarcely helped matters, insisting that she could work closely with Andre Marrou, "that rugged man from Alaska (giggle, giggle)." Not only did that raise The Scandal again, but it also brought up the fact that Mary, even though a doctor in biophysics, decidedly suffers from a lack of *gravitas*.

Mary's lack of *gravitas* was underscored at the crucial, last-minute Vice Presidential Debate, thrown together at Saturday midnight because the room had to be abandoned after the first ballot on Saturday. The candidates met in a packed room, with music blaring away from another convention's party next door. Unfortunately, baby-voiced Mary cannot be heard above a whisper, adding to her *gravitas* problem. Even worse was the content of her message for those unlucky enough to hear it. She averred that her "outreach would be to the "Aquarian Conspiracy," which she counted at 10 percent of the population, all those crazies of the New Age. Why? Because Mary, you see, is an ex-Catholic, and what is left of the ex is a vaguely mystical spirituality, which would enable her to relate to her fellow dippy Aquarians. She also wanted to reach out to the Greens, the looney environmentalists, and bring them into the movement. In previous conventions, Mary had always turned the stomachs of the wise by mewling on about "love" and "unity," and how everyone should love one another, but now it turns out that all the goo was going to be directed to the New Agers, the only group in America as crazy as Libertarians.

Mary wanted to appeal to New Agers, the only group in America as crazy as Libertarians.

Finally, Andre's handlers must have gotten to him and urged him to apologize for his disastrous "vote for Mary!" speech in the afternoon. Unfortunately, Andre apologetic is Andre insufferable. For after making his apology Saturday night, Andre gracelessly added, "Besides, Dick Boddie changed his mind; he told me he wasn't going to run for Vice-President!" That's not the way to make amends, Andre old boy.

In the meantime, inside what were once smoke-filled rooms, Andre tried to use muscle, playing hardball to get both Dick Boddie and Nancy Lord to withdraw form the veep race. Both of them, angered at Andre's strong-arm tactics, in effect told him to buzz off.

The result of all this was disaster for Andre and for his past or present squeeze. On the first ballot on Saturday, Dick Boddie got 179 votes with Mary Ruwart second with 129, and Nancy Lord third with 98. Sunday morning, after all the excitement, Mary's vote total had plummeted precisely in half: to 64, with Lord skyrocketing to first place at 175 and Boddie slipping slightly to 161. At this point Ruwart withdrew, two-thirds of her votes going to Lord, who defeated Boddie on the third ballot by 225 to 185.

The Marrou-Lord ticket thus begins in hatred and recriminations. Nancy Lord, a newcomer to the LP, is in for an interesting if rough "learning experience." According to federal election laws, the ticket must act and report jointly, and it will be interesting to see how soon it will take for the fur to start flying. One tip to Dr. Lord: see how long it takes you to get a dollar, nay a nickel, out of the Marrou campaign!

But if "President" Marrou wound up alienating most of the Libertarian Party, everyone still insisted that Love, Love, and Unity encapsulated them all. Love reigned unalloyed because the

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two Cosmic Villains, the Great Satans, were not there. Guess who? Of course: the two Rs, who like Emanuel Goldstein in *1984*, were blamed for all the ills that beset mankind and the Libertarian Party, from acid rain to its failure to become a major party and elect a President of These United States. Thus, outgoing national chairman Dave Walter, in his Speech from the Throne, all but named Rothbard as the arch-villain who had kept the LP from Paradise. Rothbard, whined Walter, "sucked him in" to combatting the Crane Machine in 1983, and then "purging" them from the Party. Now, wailed Walter, he sees his error, these terrible factionalists are now "purged." So come back, Crane and Koch, come back with all your lovely funds. Sorry, Dave baby, it ain't gonna help. The days of the Koch gravy train are long gone.

Ahmed engineered a semi-Rockwellian plank under the clever cover of Anti-Rockwell-mania.

Actually, it's pretty remarkable, it's as if the Libertarian Party has absolutely nothing to do but react to the latest horror heaped upon their heads by the Two Great Satans. How many political parties alter their platform in response to a couple of magazine articles attacking them? And yet, Lew Rockwell, the second R, has shown that, in a crazy way, he remains perhaps the most influential Libertarian. For the LP made no less than two changes in their platform in a feeble attempt to respond to Lew Rockwell's attacks!

First, in response to Rockwell's famous Rodney King articles, Bill Evers introduced a lengthy paragraph explaining that cops do not have the right to administer instant punishment to criminals even if caught in the act. The plank then babbles on about juries, and finally engages—in a political platform!—in philosophical argument. It might be stated, the platform addition goes on, that there are "second class people" who only understand instant punishment, but we reject that, etc. Looneytunes, Bill! In point of fact, Bill's once sure grasp of high libertarian theory seems to be slipping. Look, Bill, on the cop question, I'll clue you in: cops should be able to administer instant punishment to muggers and other criminals, but if they err and attack innocent people, then they themselves, under strict liability, are subject to punishment.

In the second anti-Rockwell plank, Dean Ahmed, head of the Maryland Party, strode in to the platform debate, flanked and supported by such Biggies in the party as Mary Ruwart, Andre Marrou, Dick Boddie, and incoming vice-chairman Steve Dasbach, public schoolteacher in Indiana. Ahmed introduced a paragraph amending the Children's Rights plank which he specifically said was designed to rebut an article that "does not wish the Party well" by Lew Rockwell. [That's Lew's smashing "Molestitarian Party" in the July *RRR*, and a similar later article in the *Justice Times*.)

The "anti-Rockwell" plank, passed unanimously, affirmed that small children indeed need loving and caring guardians, which hopefully will be the parents and not the State.

Actually, this was a trip play by Dean Ahmed, who has always been horrified at the standard LP view that every kid is fully rational and capable of "voluntary consent" from the age of one minute on. Ahmed engineered a semi-Rockwellian plank under the clever cover of Anti-Rockwellmania. But rational people remaining in the LP (such as they are) still have a long way to go on Children's Rights. The existing plank, for example, still makes it OK for parents to have sex with their kids, by voluntary consent, but illegal for them to spank their kids or to "confine" them for religious instruction.

With the two Great Satans seemingly out of the way, the Hero of the LP was able to come into this own at this convention. Not only did his every appearance at the convention earn a standing ovation, but so did every mere mention of His Name. Who is it? None other than the walking epitome of Love, Love, Unity, Love all Libertarians: The

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man to whom the Marrou Campaign is "dedicated," and who was Marrou's nominator: Karl Hess. When Karl doddered his way to the podium, and croaked his encomium to Andre Marrou ("and to my friend Dick Boddie and all my other Libertarian friends"), Love for Karl oozed back from the assembled multitude. Of course, Karl might never have met a libertarian or any man, he didn't like, but like most other LPers, his vaunted Love and Unity stops short at the two famous villains: the two Rs. As he usually does at LP meetings, Saint Karl managed to lace his Love message with implicit barbs at the two Rs and the "Paulist" faction generally, including Mike Holmes of the old *American Libertarian*, also absent from Chicago. Happiness, said Karl, is not having those people anymore who categorize libertarians and are therefore out of the Love program. ●

Andre Marrou raised only $20,000 at the banquet. Ron Paul raised $60,000 last time.

LP Convention Notes

by J.M.

In the candidates' debate, both men were asked a two-part question: would you obey all FEC regulations, and, would you or have you used campaign funds for your personal expenses? Both candidates of course said they would obey all FEC regulations (who is going to advertise disobedience to the law?) but, in contrast to Boddie, who said he does not and would not use campaign funds for personal expenses, Andre was silent on this critical issue. Did it just slip your mind, Andre?

* * * * *

The Big Theme of the convention, mentioned at virtually all panels and speeches, highlighted in Dave Nolan's keynote as the No. 1 issue of our time, in the Richard Dennis panel, in the Bill of Rights panel, in the nomination of Dr. Nancy Lord, and all through the weekend, was Drugs, Drugs, Drugs. Tell me: was there any special pleading in all this stress on drugs?

In contrast, only two or three marginal people at the podium and from the floor mentioned foreign affairs, or the recent victory over Soviet Communism in Russia, and only one state chairman from the floor mentioned the Gulf War. Only Joe Sobran and Ron Paul mentioned foreign policy in their speeches.

* * * * *

The only intelligent nominating speeches were for an octogenarian eight-term Republican State Representative from New Hampshire, who this year shifted to the Libertarian Party. John Ewbank of Pennsylvania and Bill Winter of New Hampshire, nominating and seconding Calvin Warburton for Vice-President, pointed out that (a) Warburton is a long-time elected legislator, and (b) could greatly help the LP ticket in the first presidential primary in New Hampshire. A powerful argument, but what chance do you think a real world person, and a Methodist minister to boot, would have at an LP convention? You're right. Warburton got only 19 votes out of 441. So much for rationality.

* * * * *

The grand total of 453 delegates is disgracefully low for a Presidential convention, probably the lowest total since the 1975 convention. In addition, many of these votes are phony and "packed," according to a long-standing LP practice of packing empty delegations by agreement with the state chairman. One egregious example of this racket was exposed for all viewers at the beginning of the presidential balloting. Alaska had an assigned total of six delegates (a tremendous comedown from about 25 delegates that Alaskans enjoyed at its height as a state party in the 1970s and early 80s). Of the six, only a very few were actually from Alaska. Steve Givot, straw boss of the host Illinois party, found that his teenage kids, who had been chosen as Illinois LP alternates, were not going to get to vote, since the Illinois delegates actually all showed up. And so Givot made a deal with the Alaska chair, paying his kids' dues as members of the Alaska LP, and then the Alaska chair chose the kids as delegates "from Alaska." This skullduggery was exposed

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because it was a last minute affair (in contrast to many earlier deals), and so when LP Secretary Joe Dehn asked for convention permission to shift young Brian and Susan Givot from Illinois alternates to Alaska delegates some of the startled delegates protested. One loudly proclaimed that this was "sandbagging." When Dehn asked for a two-thirds vote to suspend the rules to allow the placing of the Givot kids in Alaska, it was obvious that the vote to suspend probably did not even get a majority, much less two-thirds. Stunned, Dehn started whining, "But we've always done it this way,": he took another vote, and then announced a two-thirds victory when it was pretty clear that the vote had lost. The protestors should have demanded a roll-call vote, or at least a standing division count. But, at any rate, the LP was exposed to the nationwide C-Span audience for the corrupt outfit that it is, and the bushy-haired Joe Dehn as its inept Sam Rayburn.

* * * * *

There was indeed a startling falloff in many formerly powerful LP state delegations. *No one* showed up from once powerful Idaho; no one from once formidable Vermont; no one from Montana, once one of the LP's best states, headed by Larry Dodge; only two people from DC, which used to have about eight or nine; only four from Georgia; only two from the once-proud Iowa party; only three from once numerous Utah; only three from Tennessee; and, perhaps most startling of all, only 75 from the biggest, California, which used to have 110. The LP is fast sinking under the waves.

* * * * *

Mostly the same old gang was there, looking, inevitably, older and fatter. Comic relief was provided by veep candidate Craig Franklin, computer expert from California, who was nominated by his wife, Melinda Pillsbury-Foster, and who then came to the podium, and played the guitar to his own pseudo-folksong, screeched in caterwauling manner by Vicki Mumby, delegate from California. Franklin's failure to get the nomination at least spares the American people from further "singing" by Ms. Mumby.

* * * * *

The Boddie effort seemed ineptly run, even by LP standards. Boddie's nominator, Roger Bloxham, seemed confused and said virtually nothing. The centerpiece of the Boddie effort was a tape on his behalf by Dave Bergland, the 1984 presidential nominee. But why wasn't he at the convention to work in Boddie's behalf?

* * * * *

Almost everyone in the LP is a computer nerd. So they decided to make the balloting *very* high-tech. So, this convention, each state chairman first goes to a computer terminal to punch in the state vote, *then* goes back and does the state-by-state roll call from the delegates. What's the point? Not only that: there were only two terminals on the floor, so the chairs had to line up for a half-hour to punch in the votes. Result: dragging out each ballot's vote, so that the LP ran way past the allotted time, and had to postpone the veep vote after the first ballot until Sunday morning. The first time in LP history that they couldn't get all the voting in on Saturday. Welcome to the world of high-tech, LP!

* * * * *

A final high note: Andre Marrou's big fund-raising gimmick, which he crowed about all weekend, was to use a 900 number, for the first time in politics! No doubt it will be the last time as well. For $5 for the first minute, or for a minimum of $25, who's going to get the telephone shekels: blondes who want to "tell you their fantasies," or a tape of the Complete Works of Andre Marrou?

The Big Event of the convention took place not there but nearby, as Saint Karl led the flock to commune with his old druggie buddy Tim Leary from the Sixties, there to sound the trumpet for a new, computer program that brings hallucinatory cyber-thrills without actually having to take drugs, that takes you on space travel to Other Realities. Karl was always a bit gaga, but now that he is totally round the bend, the LPers are following him in droves. What, a friend of mine asked a couple of the starry-eyed cyber-Hessniks, has all this to do with libertarianism? (Much less *politics*, which most LPers have no real interest in whatsoever). "Oh, we expand our minds, we travel to new realities," etc. *ad nauseam*.

Trying to figure out what exactly Karl Hess has done for liberty to reap these universal hosannahs, a neophyte, new to the movement, asked that question of some of the delegates.

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"Oh, Karl brought us the wonderful, vital knowledge that liberty is just Love, is just being . . . a Good Neighbor." Well, there it is. Burn your books, O Libertarians, get hep to the New Age, swing on a cyber-fiber Star, and Go with the Flow.

Conclusion: the major parties, even the Democrats, have not a thing to worry about from the Libertarian, Libertino, Liberation, Looneytunes Party. Not a thing. The quest for Universal Cybernetic Love will continue to prove elusive; the prognosis for the Libertarian Party is that, before too long, its "convention" will consist of five androgynous persons and dogs, all drug- and cyber-besotted, Loving Each Other in a cramped and tumbled-down phone booth. ●

Burn your books, O Libertarians, get hep to the New Age, swing on a cyber-fiber Star, and Go with the Flow.

The Stepfather

by Joseph Sobran

If George Washington was the father of his country, Lyndon Johnson was the stepfather. His ambition was vast. So, alas, was his ability. He wanted nothing less than to remake America in his own image. And in a way, he succeeded—though he would probably refuse to recognize that image as his own. Like Midas, he got the ironic comeuppance of realizing his wish.

Having taken office when the glamorous John Kennedy was assassinated, Johnson won the office himself in 1964 in one of the greatest electoral landslides in American history. Yet he was never popular. He didn't seek re-election in 1968, and maybe didn't dare to. Once he was gone, hardly anyone missed him. He died pretty much unlamented exactly four years from the day he left the White House.

But he did change America. If your seek his monument, look about you. America is not so much attached to the Great Society as addicted to it. Johnson's countless "social programs" are a bad habit the country can't shake; it's almost as if the underclass had been his idea. He not only expanded the federal government immensely, he seems to have given its growth a permanent and irreversible momentum. It grew at least as fast under Ronald Reagan as under anyone else, and it's growing even faster under George Bush.

Several recent books have covered Johnson's entire life from three perspectives. The first two volumes of Robert Caro's projected four-volume biography, *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* follow LBJ from birth to his tainted election the Senate in 1948. The first of Robert Dallek's two volumes brings his career to 1960, when he was elected vice president. And Joseph Califano's memoir, *The Triumph & Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, describes LBJ's administration from the inside.

Caro shows Johnson as a ruthless rogue who would do anything "short of assassination" to achieve power. His first volume was hailed as a masterpiece of research and story-telling, and rightly so. Caro found that even LBJ's surviving college classmates still harbored bitter memories of him. The book took its tone from the discovery that a young man could leave such an amazing residue of hatred.

At first, liberal reviewers loved this. They too had sour memories of LBJ. But when Caro's second volume appeared, something happened. Caro didn't let up. His LBJ appeared as an unredeemed monster who had stolen the 1948 Texas senatorial race from an honest and principled conservative, Governor Coke Stevenson. And Caro's tale had such mythic power that it implied that all Johnson's subsequent services to liberalism were due to an original sin of electoral larceny. No stolen 1948 election, no Great Society.

Caro, himself a liberal, didn't seem to care. He called 'em as he saw 'em. But this time liberal reviewers cared: they felt themselves implicated in Johnson's crimes by their approval of his legislative achievements. Ronald Steel, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, actually argued that Johnson's 1948 misdeeds were more or less justified by the 1964 Civil Rights Act. What if Coke Stevenson had won? (Horrors!)

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Enter Robert Dallek, a UCLA history professor. His *Lone Star Rising* is pretty much an attempt to answer *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* by portraying Johnson as a more complex figure whose unquestionable willingness to cut a few corners was balanced by a "genuine concern" for blacks, Mexicans, Jew, working people, the poor, etc. To Dallek, Johnson remains "a great president," albeit a man with some ethical warts.

But Caro's portrait is incomparably more vivid and more convincing. He simply amasses far more detail than Dallek can counteract: we see LBJ lying, stealing, bribing, being bribed, blackmailing, betraying, cutting secret deals, breaking laws, switching positions for political convenience, pursuing power with an almost heroic singlemindedness. What makes it convincing is that at times it even compels us to admire the old rascal. His political intelligence amounted to genius. And during the 1948 race he wanted power so badly he endured the agony of a gallstone rather than take time out for medical attention. You always have to honor sheer courage. Johnson could inflict pain, but he could also take it.

Dallek's LBJ is not more complex, merely more vague and incomprehensible. At some points Dallek even confirms Caro instead of refuting him. He suggests that Johnson's 1948 campaign was able to reach Justice Hugo Black behind the scenes for a favorable ruling at a crucial moment. He has also found new evidence of Johnson's crooked dealings in acquiring and running what were nominally his wife's radio and TV stations in Austin. And he supplies precious little evidence of heartfelt philanthropy on Johnson's part. Whenever LBJ did anyone good, it was at the taxpayer's expense, and he always got, or expected, political or financial benefits in return. His "genuine concern" for the disadvantaged never resulted in the least sacrifice of his own interest. Dallek is really arguing that Johnson's eventual ends justified all the devious means he employed along the way. You can't help feeling he misses the whole point of Lyndon Johnson.

LBJ was powerful because he was *feared*. He knew everything about his colleagues, from the interests of their states to their seamy personal habits.

The chief value of Dallek's book is that it covers Johnson's years in the Senate, which Caro hasn't gotten to yet. You begin to understand why Johnson was such an effective and powerful majority leader. But even here, I suspect that Caro's third volume will give us more telling detail. LBJ was powerful because he was *feared*. He knew everything about his colleagues, from the interests of their states to their seamy personal habits, and he was willing to use every bit of what he knew in order to get his way.

Califano's book covers Johnson's presidency in intimate scenes. Once when Califano, as a young staffer, told Johnson he "thought" they had a certain congressman's vote on a bill, Johnson snapped: "Don't ever *think* about those things. Know, know, KNOW! You've got to *know* you've got him, and there's only one way you know." He made a fist and held it up: "And that's when you've got his [organ deleted] right here." He opened his desk drawer, dropped the imaginary organ into it, and slammed it, then smiled.

You can't really hate the Johnson Califano remembers. He has the magnitude and scoundrelly charm of Long John Silver, and is not without his tender moments. But the famous picture of him lifting a beagle by the ears pretty much captures the way he treated his subordinates, and Califano records a number of his own humiliations, even as he tries to soften the image Caro (whom he nowhere mentions) has created. Working for LBJ was, shall we say, an incomparable learning experience.

Califano rounds out our understanding of LBJ by showing that he was perfectly and brilliantly capable of achieving his goals legally, when necessary. His personality was simple overwhelming: a huge magnetic presence, an iron will, a power of cajolery, a wonderful sense of

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the psychology of whoever he was dealing with at the moment. He could provoke fear, pity, laughter, guilt—whatever the occasion required.

But on the whole, Califano's book vindicates Caro. LBJ was capable of knifing his own vice president, Hubert Humphrey, during Humphrey's 1968 presidential campaign. (He'd secretly wanted Nelson Rockefeller to succeed him.) His dealings with his old crony Abe Fortas were consistently improper: they regularly conferred on cases pending before the Supreme Court, and Califano spilled much sweat as Fortas perjured himself about this before Congress. Califano only incriminates Johnson by trying to exculpate him.

It can be safely said that nobody who has written about LBJ has discovered a single Johnsonian scruple.

It can be safely said that nobody who has written about LBJ has discovered a single Johnsonian scruple. He was completely indifferent to legality, morality, and the U.S. Constitution itself: all three appeared to him as mere obstacles to his will to power, which extended to wanting to transform America into a huge memorial to himself.

One of Califano's anecdotes is especially telling. In 1967, the liberal Democratic congressman Richard Ottinger, whose district included New York's wealthy Westchester county, voted against Johnson's request for an increase in the debt ceiling. Califano explained to Johnson that Ottinger and other liberals were protesting the Vietnam war, which they felt was diverting funds from domestic programs.

"Okay," said Johnson, "I want you to tell Ottinger that there's plenty of money for domestic programs, especially housing. Tell him we're prepared to put a public housing project right in the middle of his fancy Westchester district to demonstrate to him and his constituents how much money there is for domestic programs. Maybe that'll help him vote for an increase in the debt limit."

That was no naive, well-meaning liberal speaking. LBJ knew just what his programs and their beneficiaries would do. And so did liberals like Ottinger. But he failed to see, or care, that they would do to the whole country what he'd threatened to do to Westchester. Somehow he thought the Great Society would endure to his own greater glory.

Johnson had a matchless understanding of power. What he didn't understand was freedom. So he didn't grasp that by vastly increasing the total ratio of state power to private freedom, he was demolishing the social fabric. And his empire began to dissolve in violence before he'd finished building it. Yet that empire does endure, perversely hard to dismantle; toppling Lenin's statue seems easy by comparison.

In his mammoth egotism, Johnson was willing to set all of us on a well-nigh irreversible course toward the total state. If it didn't work as promised, well, that was our problem. It still is.

Every great malefactor has to have the knack of implicating others in his misdeeds, including people who have never even met him. Johnson's inner circle knew well how he constantly broke and bent laws (while ramming others through Congress). Now it can be told. It's a rueful tribute to his lasting power that he still finds new apologists. ●

PC Watch

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

Dross From Lead

Patricia Williams, a black associate professor of contract and property law at the University of Wisconsin, has written her first book, *The Alchemy of Race and Rights* (Harvard University Press). In it, she tells such stories as this: "a black man is riding an elevator in a busy downtown department store" when "a group of noisy white high school students gets on." The black man pulls a gun, shoots some of the kids, and is considered a hero. Switch the races, she says, and you have the Bernie Goetz case. Well, not quite, professor.

1) Goetz, exactly the kind of slightly built, weak-appearing guy that well-muscled underclass hoods love to jump, had been mugged a number of times, and finally had enough; 2) the New

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York subways (where Goetz did his shooting) are not exactly the equivalent of a department store elevator. The subways, the only transportation for most working people, are terror zones where only the criminals are unafraid; 3) A gang of white kids on a department store elevator is probably not threatening; a gang of black kids on a subway may be; 4) The members of the particular gang that tried to rob Goetz had criminal records. They preyed on the weak. Only this time, the weak pulled a gun, and the people of New York cheered, including—according to all the polls—the vast majority of black subway riders, who are themselves the victims of black criminals.

How am I supposed to be harmed because Jeffries doesn't like ice people?

Williams also relates a story from a continuing education course she took. Black and white applicants are equally qualified (of course, no two applicants can be "equally qualified"); whom should a law firm hire? The supposed "right answer," said Williams, was "whichever one you like because race is irrelevant."

Williams says the "real right answer" is that "the black person should get the job. If the modern white man, innocently or not, is the inheritor of another's due, then it must be returned. I read a rule somewhere that says if a thief steals so his children may live in luxury and the law returns his ill-gotten gain to its rightful owner, the children cannot complain they have been deprived."

She "read a rule somewhere"? This is a professor of property law, writing in a scholarly book published by a major university press?

"It's important to hire the black person because the presence of blacks within, as opposed to without, the bell jar of a given community changes the dynamic forever." Huh?

Abstracting such stories, says David Streitfelt in the *Washington Post*, makes her "book seem much more straightforward than it is. The style is baroque, complicated; the meaning often elusive," although the "passion is undeniable." Translation: she's angry and incoherent, and she's teaching Wisconsin students about contract and property law, at taxpayers' expense.

On the Sunny Side of the Street

Last Summer, Professor Leonard Jeffries, the black chairman of the City University of New York's Afro-American Studies Department (they haven't gotten around to PCizing the name), was in big trouble. As a highly paid New York State consultant on multicultural curriculums, he gave a confused two-hour speech before a state committee, in which he charged that "Russian Jews had a particular control over the movies, and with their financial partners, the Mafia, put together a financial system of destruction of black people." He also said that "rich Jews" financed the slave trade.

These are not Jeffries' only balmy ideas. He also posits the genetic superiority of blacks, whom he calls the "sun people," over whites, whom he calls the "ice people." Blacks, thanks to their higher melanin levels, are "warm, humanitarian, and creative"; whites are "greedy, cruel, and calculating."

The result was, as Murray notes above, a firestorm, with politicians and pundits calling for him to be fired. But why? How am I supposed to be harmed because Jeffries doesn't like ice people, or Murray because Jeffries especially doesn't like Jewish ice people? He does us no harm by expressing his opinion,no matter how stupid.

Where's the Hairbrush?

The August 11th cover of *USA Weekend*, the Gannett Sunday magazine, featured three tough-looking 12-year-olds dressed in black and wearing dark glasses. One held a daisy. "The Enforcers," read the caption. "A new breed of kid is getting tough on parents who let the water run, wear fur, and don't recycle."

"One morning I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth," said Michael Clement, when his six-year-old daughter came in and turned off the water. "Daddy, don't you care about the Earth?" Thanks to the eco-rot in our

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society, Clement didn't reach for the hairbrush. Instead he obeyed.

Spurred on by the Children's Alliance for Protection of the Environment, parents all over America are being harassed by Greenettes. Kids are proselytizing mom and dad on issues from the evils of eating meat to the infamy of using paper grocery bags. The children of Kenneth Pinkard destroyed his expensive cigars to protest his non-PC smoking. At first he "was troubled," but he was soon converted "by the logic of it." After all, he had long taught his children to "challenge authority," and he's an authority. (Sure you are, Ken.)

My 10-year-old daughter, I'm delighted to say, takes long, hot showers, eats steak, and loves her bunny fur jacket. (Thanks to Mike Holmes, for the lead.)

Liberty's Skin Problems

For years, PC types have blamed the discoloration on the face of the Statue of Liberty on "acid rain," the non-problem which the EPA's own suppressed $600-million, 10-year National Acidic Precipitation Assessment Project showed to be due to acidic soil, not sulfur dioxide emissions.

So what's caused the splotching? Sea salt deposits on areas that are sheltered from rainwater, says Professor Richard A. Livingston of the University of Maryland. And the process had been *accelerated* by decreased airborne sulfur dioxide, thanks to EPA regulations.

Easter II?

For years, the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee, where Martin Luther King was killed, was just a dump. Now, courtesy of your tax dollars, it's the National Civil Rights Museum. At the dedication services this summer, attended by such dignitaries as Mrs. King and Pete Seeger, Jesse Jackson called the motel "the Easter site" of the King story.

Comparing the socialist satyr to Christ is a little much even for the Rev. Jackson.

I guess blasphemy is the norm these days, but comparing the socialist satyr to Christ is a little much even for the Rev. Jackson, especially when we remember what King did the night before his resurrection. According to Ralph David Abernathy, King committed adultery with a married black woman, then beat up and committed adultery with a married white woman.

A key exhibit of the museum allows you to remember the glory days of the destruction of private property rights. You sit-in at a lunch counter with black student demonstrators and are "jeered at by white men."

The museum has had a "unifying impact for blacks and whites," says its president, D'Army Bailey.

The Federal Poison

The federal government, which used to call dioxin the most dangerous chemical in the world, is backtracking. It turns out to be not so dangerous after all, say some honest scientists at the Centers for Disease Control.

The chemical, used in effective pesticides now banned and produced as a byproduct of paper manufacturing, is best known as a component of Agent Orange, a herbicide used in Vietnam that didn't do much to the Vietcong, but has wasted the U.S. taxpayer for veterans benefits.

In its most spectacular anti-dioxin measure, the government in 1982 seized the entire town of Times Beach, Missouri, because some sections of the surface of its dirt roads had more that one part per million of dioxin. Many older, long-time residents never recovered.

Leroy Baker used to drive his pick-up truck to the blocked bridge every day and look across to the decrepit, overgrown house. Then one day he stopped coming. He had killed himself in his new, government-provided house.

"After he was forced out," says Mrs. Baker, "Leroy was just never the same. You can hardly imagine what it's like for someone to come in your home and say you can't come back. How do

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you forgive what happened here? It's all a mistake? They took our homes and they took our lives, and now they say it's a mistake?"

Guilty No Matter What

In what many New Yorkers think of as Tawana II, a black female student at St. John's University on Long Island accused four white male students of sexually abusing her. After a long, politicized trial, a racially mixed jury found the defendants not guilty, much to the dismay of Mayor Dimwit Dinkins. The young woman's testimony, and that of other prosecution witnesses, was "riddled with lies and other inconsistencies," jurors told the *New York Times*.

Dinkins wasn't the only one appalled, and now, after holding its own hearings, a St. John's faculty-student committee has recommended that the four male students be expelled for "conduct adversely affecting their suitability as members of the academic community of St. John's." By being found not guilty, they violated the canons of PC, the only ones St. John's University takes seriously these days.

Afromakebelieveism

The Afrocentric curriculum of the Portland, Oregon, public schools teaches students that ancient Egyptians were black—using black and white photos to disguise their ruddy complexions—and that they had paranormal powers such as spiritual healing.

The black Egyptians even invented aeronautics, claims the study guide, and they flew gliders for commerce and pleasure. The source footnoted for these claims? *The Guiness Book of World Records*.

Africa is also credited with the development of the concept of time, the use and control of fire, tool technology, language, and agriculture.

All this is true, says Professor Ivan van Sertima of Rutgers, but whites "systematically destroyed the books" that would have proved it. Professor John Hendrik Clarke of Hunter College says that lies about the origin of civilization are perpetrated because whites want to "control image." The "foundations of what you call Western Civilization" were laid by non-whites. Those who say otherwise are "a bunch of liars and fakers."

> "The usual church prayer, 'bless the president, bless the governor,' is idiocy."

Bless the President?

"One of the most abused texts of Scripture," writes the Rev. R.J. Rushdoony in his *Chalcedon Report*, "is I Timothy 2:1-4. Paul asks us to pray for kings and rulers and 'all men,' especially for 'all that are in authority.' Why? The reasons are plainly stated:

"First, 'that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty,' *i.e.*, in a way that is 'good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior.' In other words, pray that these ungodly ones do not molest the church and that they leave us alone! Second, we are to pray because God 'will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.'

"The usual church prayer, 'bless the president, bless the governor,' is idiocy. What we are commanded to pray for is their conversion, and that we be left alone, unmolested in Christ's service."

Note: the excellent *Chalcedon Report* is available from Chalcedon Ministries, P.O. Box 158, Vallecito, CA 95251.

Our Free Press

In all the thousands of column inches devoted to Operation Rescue's activities in Wichita, I have yet to see a mainstream organ mention that the focus was the "health clinic" of George Tiller, MD.

Killer Tiller is one of the few abortionists in America to perform "late, late abortions." That is, he will gladly dismember a baby right up until birth.

"Milwaukee, July 1991"

"Milwaukee, July 1991. They were drugged and dragged across the room. Their legs and feet were bound together. Their struggles and cries went unanswered. Then they were slaughtered and their heads sawn off. Their body parts were

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refrigerated to be eaten later. It's still going on. If this leaves a bad taste in your mouth, become a vegetarian."

This excerpt from a full-page newspaper ad, comparing meatpackers to Jeffrey Dahmer, was spotted by *Washington Times* "Inside the Beltway" columnist John Elvin. It was, of course, sponsored by the craziest animal rights organization, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals.

"Abuse is abuse, regardless of the species," PETA spokeswoman Kathy Guillermo told Elvin.

Mickey Louse

The late left-wing Congressman from Houston, Mickey Leland, killed a couple of years ago with one of his staff girlfriends on a junket to Ethiopia, was an open communist sympathizer, known as "Vladimir Leland" to his colleagues.

Leland, whom Fidel Castro called "my close friend," made a dozen trips to Havana, where he praised the "achievements" of the Cuban government and the "intellect" of its leader.

Another of Leland's friends was Mengistu Haile Mariam, the Red dictator of Ethiopia responsible for more that a million deaths.

Leland made five taxpayer-funded excursions to Ethiopia "in a noble cause—trying to feed the hungry," said President Bush. And indeed Leland helped persuade the Reagan and Bush administrations to send more than $800 million in aid to Ethiopia. But since the famine was caused by Mengistu's socialist agriculture policy, and his forced resettlement of ethnic enemies, to give his government food was subsidizing mass murder.

Leland was a "humanitarian with the guillotine." He was also a crook.

Leland was what Isabel Paterson called a "humanitarian with the guillotine." He was also a crook.

In a June 5th cover story for the weekly *Houston Press*, investigative reporters Jeanne Jones and Tim Fleck reveal Leland to have been a spendthrift, a deadbeat, a bribetaker, and a womanizer.

Much of the Jones-Fleck information came from the probate files for the Leland estate, which has a negative net worth. Reporters from major newspapers had examined the same files, but refused to report the non-PC material they contained.

On the deadbeat question, the article reports that Leland's apartment was piled high with unpaid bills —some years-old— from Houston department stores and other merchants, who continued to extend him credit, i.e., give him illegal personal gifts. He also received hundreds of thousands of dollars in never-repaid "loans" from S&Ls, thanks to shady characters looking for government contracts and other benefits. Those S&Ls later went under.

Leland was a compulsive adulterer, and he lived on the cuff. Clothes, travel, booze, restaurants, etc. were all picked up by his "friends," conduct he may have learned as a teenage protege of the liberal billionaire de Menil family of Houston, which continued to smooth the way for him until the end.

One tab that wasn't picked up was the care of Leland's family. Nor did *he* provide for them. He left only huge debts for his widow and four young children. (Thanks to Mike Holmes for the lead on this story as well.)

"For Many Young Blacks, Despair Turns to Rage"

That was the headline on an August *New York Times* story on Crown Heights. The reporters interviewed some of the blacks who have been attacking Hasidic Jews because of an automobile accident. "I just don't like white people,' said Lance, who "learned to hate whites in prison in upstate New York," according to the *Times*, "where he was recently released after serving two years for attempted murder. Most of the guards were white, he said, and they treated him badly." Poor baby, and after he had to serve two whole years for trying to kill someone.

Regular cops aren't any more popular. "'We're black,' said Jeff. 'When we see blue, we get mad.'"

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In discussing the fighting, Colin Moore, a black civil rights lawyer from the area, complained that elected officials "have not effectively addressed the tensions" that stem from the fact the "the Hasidim are richer." They have not, in other words, abolished envy.

Columbus May Be Reconsidering the Whole Thing

Two years ago, the Philadelphia City Council renamed Delaware Street "Christopher Columbus Boulevard." Typical of Philadelphia, the city is just getting around to changing the street signs, and there has been an explosion of hatred from every PCite in the city of brotherly love.

George Hines, an Apache Indian with the Stop the Name Change Coalition, says that Columbus "stood for the rape, torture, and enslavement of people of color."

The name change will probably be repealed, which bothers Michael C. Rainoine, head of the Columbus Civic Association. He points out that Philadelphia is the only major city in the U.S. without a street named after the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

"I stood on the shore in Spain where Columbus set sail," said Rainone, and "wondered how many people today would have the nerve to sail that ocean."

Ritz or Saltine?

Florida has one of the toughest hate crime laws in the country. It is, in fact, "unique, in that it provides both criminal penalty enhancement and treble civil damages," says a civil rights group.

I've never understood why it was worse to hit someone over the head because he's, say, Italian, as versus because he has a nice watch, but now there's an uproar over this law: a white has used it against a black.

Stephen Keyes, a white cop in Punta Gorda, Florida, was called to a "domestic disturbance," and Michael Hamm, a black, said, "I'll shoot you, white cracker." They struggled, and no one was hurt, but the cop has now charged Hamm with "hate" as well as assault.

The NAACP is defending Hamm. The charge is "ridiculous," said his lawyer. This "is not what the statute was intended to cover." He's right, of course. It's special-interest legislation, and should be repealed.

Rumpelstiltskin is sexist, and *Snow White, Peter Pan,* and *Mary Poppins* are racist as well as sexist.

Good Witches and Bad Babar

According to the influential Anti-Bias Curriculum published by the National Association for the Education of Young Children, witches are not the evil hags of *Hansel and Gretel*, but "good women who use herbal remedies to really help people." Teachers are obliged to communicate this, says Kay Sunstein Humowitz in *The New Republic*, along with other PC material:

Columbus Day and Thanksgiving are to be used by teachers to show the evils of Eurocentrism, and Family Day is to be celebrated instead of the reactionary Mother's and Father's days.

If stories from before the PC revolution are to be used, they must be made more sensitive. *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, for example, should have Mama running to the window instead of Papa. Babar is beyond help, however, since stories about the little French elephant extol "the virtues of a European, middle-class lifestyle and disparage the animals and people who have remained in the jungle."

Rumpelstiltskin is sexist, and *Snow White, Peter Pan,* and *Mary Poppins* are racist as well as sexist. (Not that the anti-bias guide is infallible; it neglects to mention the rampant heightism in *Snow White.*)

If an unfashionable tale such as *Cinderella* must be read, and the children enjoy

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it, they are to be challenged by the teacher: "You seem to think this story is fun, but it's not fun for me. This person isn't making decisions for herself or taking charge of her own life." And now you know where all the *wicked* witches are.

Was Dick Boddie Too Good for the LP?

Dick Boddie learned a hard lesson in Chicago: that the Libertarian Party, and the misfits who run it, have little relation to the principles of libertarianism.

It could be argued that Dick, as interested as he is in libertarian ideas, didn't do the necessary work to get the presidential nomination, nor hire the people capable of getting it for him. I do not think it would have helped.

In reaction to the "too-straight, too-middle class" (and too-good-for-them) Ron Paul, *this time* the Modals would not be denied a space cadet, and Dick was just too normal.

When Dick said he wasn't a libertine, the Libertinians were offended. Worse, he lives conservatively, like Ron; he is anti-abortion, like Ron; and he has a family, like Ron. These were all strikes against him.

In any other political party, even the Democrats, it would help to have your extended family campaign for you. In the LP, it was a mistake. Modals seem to have sprung fully formed from the brow of Karl Hess. They are rootless, deracinated, and antecedentless. Dick's wife and children bothered the delegates, and so did his aunts and uncles. When he had his dad, a Baptist minister, second his nomination, there were murmurs of hostility throughout the hall.

Modals seem to have sprung fully formed from the brow of Karl Hess.

Modals are leftists, bleaters about democratic equality. They dislike Dick for quoting Rothbard and Kuehnelt-Leddihn in his speeches, and for calling "liberty the opposite of equality" and democracy "the system where two wolves and one sheep vote on what to have for breakfast."

Among his fellow blacks, says Dick, "equality is seen as the answer to almost every problem." He denounces this as "tribal collectivism." Meanwhile, the Modal tribe—*after* defeating him—did a war dance on Dick's defeated body, out of pure meanness.

Dick, if you do run for office in California, do it as a Republican. Leave the rats on the sinking ship. ●

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